

## YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK VISITED BY HAWAII AUTOISTS

Lewis Party Touring Mainland After Registering at Wylie Way Hotel Learns That Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Campbell Had Been There but a Few Weeks Before—Hawaiians Pass Through Cody, Buffalo Bill's Old Home, and View Scene of Custer's Last Stand

(BY ONE OF THE LEWIS PARTY.)

DOWNY Idaho, was laid out for a big day. The streets are 150 feet wide, sidewalks 15 feet and there are blocks of sidewalks with only two or three houses on a block, for the boom that was expected was never realized. The hotel where we stayed was built by the same promoters and has 250 rooms, but it is sadly in need of repairs. No meals are served there and one has to go out for them.

We were on our way again the next morning at 8 a. m. and the farms and lands that we were passing through were not up to much; very poor stands of grain. We had lunch at a little town by the name of Idaho Falls, and as we entered the cafe the cashier put in a Hawaiian record on the phonograph. She did not know that we were from Hawaii, because the writer spoke to her after finishing lunch, thanked her and asked how she recognized that we were from the Paradise of the Pacific. She said she did not know, but had just put the record on as she had done many times before.

On our second day in passing through Idaho we saw lands and farms much better than the vast fields of wheat, barley, and alfalfa of the day before. There does not seem to be any reason why there should be a shortage of grains and hay this year, judging from what one can see from the road, and as good as the Idaho crops are, they do not compare with Utah.

We arrived at the national forest line of Yellowstone park about 10 o'clock p. m., and the road was rough, hilly and narrow for nearly two hours' drive, and then we came to some fairly open country and passable roads. As a storm was threatening and we were nearly fifty miles from hotel accommodations in the park, Mr. Lewis decided to stop at the first house we came to, which proved to be owned by a family by the name of Ripley. We had not taken all of our things out of the machine when it commenced to pour in torrents, and great claps of thunder and flashes of lightning came from every direction but in an hour or so the storm passed and the heavens brightened up. The ladies in Mr. Ripley's home served us a good meal as any one would care to eat.

### No Competition.

The beet fields we passed before getting into the national forest reserve did not look up to very much. Certainly the people of the islands need not fear competition in the sugar business from any beet industry that we saw yesterday. This morning we passed two sugar mills.

Our party left the Ripley ranch house August 10th at 8:30 a. m. The state authorities will have to do considerable work on the roads thereabouts before they will be a real delight for the auto tourist.

Our party found people camping out everywhere. There was no real need of us camping out, except through choice, as we could get hotel and farm home accommodations every night.

The Yellowstone national park has an area of 3343 square miles, in which nature has crowded more phenomena than most any part of the world—mountains, streams, plains, springs, seething craters, hissing jets, hills of forests and geysers gushing high in the air that rival the charms of any place in the world. For those who have not yet toured the Yellowstone park, there awaits a treat unequalled for scenic splendor anywhere—unlike even our own Hawaiian volcano.

### Reach Yellowstone

I forgot to mention that the temperature at the Ripley ranch was 46 degrees at 6 o'clock in the morning.

We passed the Idaho-Montana state line about 10:20 a. m. and soon after arrived at the entrance of the developed part of the park, where we got our tickets permitting us to enter. Here all guns are taken from the tourist or sealed to be opened only after leaving the park. The first thing of interest to us were the hot water lake and spring, and we drove along the Madison river for nearly 150 miles. In the improved part of the park the government has built hundreds of miles of good road and is still making further improvements. We finally reached Old Faithful Inn, which has accommodations for nearly as many guests as the Moana hotel, and one of the several lobbies is 200 by 300 feet square. After lunch we waited some forty-five minutes for Old Faithful geyser to spout up, and true to her trust, the hot water was thrown high in the air, and we had a fairly good picture of it. There is a notice in the inn giving just the time you can expect Old Faithful to spout, day or night, and we thought that it was one of the most wonderful works of nature that at regular intervals steams in the inner regions blows off, and has been doing so for many generations. The particular spouting that we witnessed continued for nearly six minutes, and after it subsided we started on another thirty mile drive over mountain roads to the Wylie Way hotel and camping ground, which we reached about 5 o'clock p. m. Here we found a young tent city of 200 tents or more, and nearly every tent filled with guests. A few rather unwelcome guests were also around. There were no less than seven bears in sight at one time, and a black mamma had her little cub right behind her. They did not molest us, but if one is not careful and leaves a door open at night, anything that suited the taste of the bears might be missing.

### Some Showers

Hawaii has nothing on the Yellowstone park when it comes to having rain when the sun is shining. We had the pleasure of seeing this incident on our journey through the park.

There are several lakes within the park area: Isa, 8280 feet elevation; Shone lake, 8325 feet; Lake Yellowstone is the largest in the world for its elevation, and just across the road.

from where we stopped for the night it is 35 miles across.

Shortly after we had registered at the Wylie Way hotel at 7 a. m. was 55 degrees. We left the hotel about 9 o'clock for the Grand Canyon, which is some forty miles away. We went direct to the upper falls, and had a beautiful view from Artist point, and other vantage points along the canyon. The formation is lime and sulphur stone and it is very picturesque. Returning from the upper falls, we crossed the stream again and climbed down the steps and got to within a few feet of the greatest waterfall of them all, where the spray from the falling water drenched us, and where the very best view can be had of the water and canyon. As the rules of the park do not permit the autos to return over the same road until after 1 p. m., we went up to another hotel which is the property of the same company, and it proved to be the largest hotel that we have yet visited. Its lobbies, of which there are two, are probably five times the size of the lobby at the Young hotel. The hotel is grandly furnished and has 350 rooms. Hayden valley is within the park area and is very beautiful.

### Cold Weather

On August 11, the temperature at the Wylie Way hotel at 7 a. m. was 55 degrees. We left the hotel about 9 o'clock for the Grand Canyon, which is some forty miles away. We went direct to the upper falls, and had a beautiful view from Artist point, and other vantage points along the canyon. The formation is lime and sulphur stone and it is very picturesque. Returning from the upper falls, we crossed the stream again and climbed down the steps and got to within a few feet of the greatest waterfall of them all, where the spray from the falling water drenched us, and where the very best view can be had of the water and canyon. As the rules of the park do not permit the autos to return over the same road until after 1 p. m., we went up to another hotel which is the property of the same company, and it proved to be the largest hotel that we have yet visited. Its lobbies, of which there are two, are probably five times the size of the lobby at the Young hotel. The hotel is grandly furnished and has 350 rooms. Hayden valley is within the park area and is very beautiful.

There are 152 automobiles running in the park, all painted yellow and owned by one company, and any one meeting them has to give them the right of way. They get their right from the government and have the first privilege to use the roads, forgetting that every one that enters the park gets a permit from the authorities, or they could not enter. Any way they have the right of way. Their machines cost them around \$180,000.

We passed out the east boundary of the park on our way to Cody, the home of Buffalo Bill, at 3:20 p. m., and surrendered the permit that had been given us when we entered. The official that took the permit was rather officious, it being Sunday afternoon may have had something to do with it. In riding out of the park we passed some very fine mountain scenery and some great engineering road work, loop the loop, etc. After leaving the boundary of the park we came to an immense lake on which the Interior Department had completed improvements in January 1910, at a cost of something like \$3,000,000. The surface of the lake is ten square miles and the height of the wall that stops the water from going through the canyon is 228 feet; the thickness of the wall at base is 108 feet and top is ten feet. The Interior Department seems to have left it to its fate, for nothing has ever been done to get the water out where the farmer could use it. Right around this dam is some of the most wonderful scenery that we had ever seen—great mountains of granite and marble formation—and with the water rushing through the open gates of the dam it is one of the grandest sights that any one could wish to see. We arrived at Cody about 6:50 o'clock. At the Irma Hotel we found a card posted in our rooms, reading: "Col. W. F. Cody, Prop., or Buffalo Bill's Hotel in the Rockies, Wyoming." There were numerous Indian pictures hanging on the walls and in the dining-room there was one about nine feet long. Almost every picture has the profile of Col. Cody in some part of it. The colonel certainly believed in advertising and he was posed usually on his famous white horse.

We learned later that the hotel is named after his daughter Irma, who is now managing the place. Her aged mother is still living in the hotel.

Grand Scenery

We passed through thirty miles of the park, but the fifty miles we traveled outside the park limits was by far the finest scenery of any on our entire journey. We saw three farms, and just below the dam mentioned above, where the water rushes out through the gates there were people fishing who pulled out a number of nice trout while we were standing there taking in the wonderful sight.

I am not using all of my notes, and in looking over them I find one that I think may be of interest. In the morning, at the Ripley

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Jacob Victor, Oldsmobile, 5-passenger.  
John Brown, Chandler, 7-passenger.  
James Low, Hudson, 7-passenger.  
Raymond Lucas, Hudson Super-Six, 7-passenger.

**PEOPLE'S GARAGE**

Hilo, Hawaii P. O. Box 434

ranch, Mr. Lewis while looking the name over found that one of the tires had gone down a little during the night. Seeing that it needed attention before going on, he started to open his tool box and found the bottom had dropped out. Every thing was gone back, sledge-hammer, chains, new tubes. So we borrowed a jack and tools from other machines at the ranch and fixed the tire.

### Cody Up to Date

People are up to date in Cody. Shoe shine is 15 cents and hair cut 50 cents. We left the Irma Hotel about 10:10 o'clock, passing through the valley on the east side of Cody. Nothing very much in the farming or ranching line for over 25 miles, but we saw lots of prairie dogs. We passed an immense river flowing by the side of the road that some day the Interior Department will put to some use. It does not seem possible they will abandon what they have already expended three years of labor on.

We passed the Wyoming-Montana State line about 1 o'clock and then over a mountain ridge, coming into a very fine farming valley, where everything is under irrigation (a flooding system), including wheat, barley, timothy hay, alfalfa, potatoes, vegetables of all kinds, and all showing a very heavy yield. We saw several herds of cattle, but not a fruit tree of any kind was to be seen in our route until we got into Montana. We did not learn the name of the valley, but it was over 100 miles long, for we traveled in it over three hours, and there were many miles ahead when our road took us in another direction. Everything was in the very best growing condition. Some of the farmers were harvesting and

stacking their hay and others were preparing to cut theirs.

### Through Laural

We passed through the town of Laural, which appears to be quite a shipping center in Montana, as there were hundreds of freight cars in the yards, and there was an immense roundhouse that must have covered several acres. We passed on in the same valley for sixteen miles to the town of Billings, where we spent the night. It is "some town," supporting a street car service, five-globe street lights and brick paved streets, and has a population of 20,000. We left the Northern Hotel in Billings at 9:30 o'clock, and after traveling for nearly 15 miles we came to the Yellowstone Trail. Later in the afternoon we came to a toll ferry over the Yellowstone river, but toll is only charged after 7 p. m., so we were not charged anything. This was the same river we had seen and crossed over 400 miles back. It took the ferry about eleven minutes to take us across, arriving at Miles City, in Montana, where we spent the night.

After leaving Billings we passed some fair farming land of wheat, barley and alfalfa, and acres of beets, but the beet crop appeared to be very poor. Some of the fields looked hardly worth putting, and no sugar mills were in sight anywhere. Everything in the valley in the farming line that yields a good crop is under irrigation.

### Curley's Monument

There is a large monument near Billings in honor of Curley, the Crow Indian scout, who is the only survivor of the Custer massacre, which took place on the Little Big Horn river in 1876. Curley carried the news of the fight to the steamer Far West. Cus-

ter's last camping place before the battle. The fight took place at the mouth of the Tongue river, near where the Olive Hotel now stands. Curley still lives at the Crow agency, a little south of Billings.

About three miles from Miles City there is a great federal corral, where the government gathers the horses in from all directions for the army, and we were told they have had as many as 10,000 there at one time.

Almost every little town we passed had notices posted giving the date of the country fair and the date of the new buildings and rebuilding the old in preparation. Flies, flies everywhere, millions of them.

Miles City has a population around 2,000 people, and is the center of stock and horse trading in the north-west. The city has become more or less famous for its Wild West shows that are held here every year. The claim is made for these shows that there is more real Wild West depicted in the few days here than in any other part of the country. It is perhaps fitting that this should be so, as Miles City is the last representative of the real Western life, and there are cowboys everywhere—large hats, long tan boots, big pistols, all of which can be seen on the main streets.

### HUGE GARAGE FOR N. Y.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Oct. 1.—New York is to have a garage with a floor space equal to Madison Square garden. It will be located on 132nd street, just off Broadway. The size is given as 400x425x19.10 feet. The Fifth Avenue Coach Co., of which Richard W. Meade is the president, will be the erectors.

### SHOOTS WILD GAME FROM SPEEDING MOTORCYCLE

Among the many practical uses to which motorcycles have been adapted none is more unique than the kind of employment Everett Colburn of Los Angeles has found for his Goodyear-tired mount. Colburn is a taxidermist and collector of mounted specimens of birds and animals for museums, etc., and has found his motorcycle indispensable in his numerous hunts for specimens.

He carries a gun in a specially arranged contrivance on his machine and has acquired the art of bagging his game without reducing his speed. When within range of his quarry he relinquishes his handle-bar grip, seizes his trusty gun and hangs away. His motorcycle has enabled him to secure many fine specimens of birds that could not have been approached otherwise.

### NEW SERIES OF SIX MAKES ON WAY HERE

Roamers, Buicks, Dodges, Cadillacs and Chandeliers of the new series will be in town next week if the expectations of the von Hamm-Young Co. are realized. The shipment should arrive here on the steamer Maui, but no definite information regarding the matter has been received from the San Francisco agents of the local company.

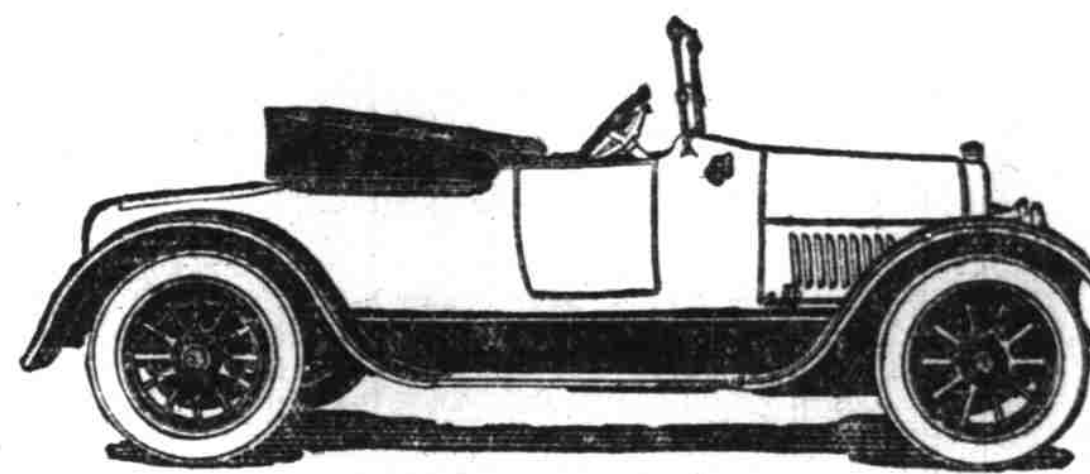
The latest model of the Packard demonstrator should also come on the same boat. This car will be exhibited in the lobby of the Young hotel where a corps of salesmen will be on hand to point out its new features to the public.

## BOND MONEY IS TO GO TO ROAD CONSTRUCTION

(Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence.)

HILO, Oct. 13.—There seems but little difference of opinion as to where the money derived from the sale of the bonds, locally, should be spent. At a meeting of the board of trade yesterday, the matter was discussed at length. Mr. Filler of the Hawaii Consolidated Railway expressing it in his opinion that inasmuch as the present wharf facilities are insufficient, the first money available should be put into improvements.

Further discussion developed the fact that there are those who will not purchase the bonds unless the proceeds are to be used on the road. It was explained by Attorney J. W. Russell, that he had been so informed by prospective buyers, and that in his opinion, the man who bought the bonds should have some say as to what should be done with the money. Mr. Truslow of the People's bank and also Mr. Gurney of Bishop's bank, stated that they were willing to have the money spent by their concerns for bonds, on the volcano road work, and Attorney Russell added that Mr. Patten of the First Bank of Hilo had stated as much. This would be rather convincing conclusions in favor of the volcano road receiving by big odds the preference.



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